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and those who went to the fields came home with the carts laden with apples, pears, and nuts, which were deposited in bins for the several purposes to which they were destined.
What we call in America English walnuts grow here in great abundance, and taste, waen green very much like butter nuts. The bark is poeled off and dried for fuel, and the nuts put away in heaps, for the children to crack around the winter fire; but among the poorer families they are carried to market, and exchanged for articles more necessary to life.

floor, instead of having a house by itself, as in New England, and occupies only some feet of space, being turned by a man instead of a horse. A half tun stands to receive the expressed uice, in the taste of which we perceive to dif ference from that we were accustomed to sin upon the philosophic principle of suction, through a straw, and which we see children do ing in exactly the same way here. In the kitchen there is a scene, too, corresponding ex-actly to the one exhibited in a New England kitchen, whilst the cider is making in the barn. A great kettle hangs in the fire-place, behind the stove, filled with halves and quarters of apples boiling in the liquid, which their brothe s have furnished; and when it is done, it will be cider apple-sauce, such as American house wives put up for the winter, and which keeps good here, as there, till spring. On the stove is another kettle with pear-sauce, prepared in the same way, but sweeter and richer; and around are various small earthen pots with

## DISRAELI.

In the January number of the Southern Lit erary Journal, just twenty years ago, we find a brilliant comparison of Bulwer and Disracli as novelists. It is, we learn, from the pen of our gifted fellow-citizen, George S. Bryan, Esq. Disraeli is now playing a great part in the the-atre of the world's history—a statesman of no ordinary sagacity and influence. He is every where a theme of conversation, and we have deemed it a matter of general interest to reprodace a portion of this article, not doubting our readers will be highly gratified at the perusal. Charleston Mercury.

the will of the majority have constituted Bulwer king of the modern novelists. It seems to be almost a settled point that he excels all his contemporaries, and has succeeded to the throne of the Wizard of the North. But it may be, as it has been before, that the majority is in error, mistaken. Though we submit ourselves, as in duty bound, to the powers that be, yet we conbeen more bountiful to him. She has endowed him with an intenser spirit; she has gifted him the works of Bulwer, over all his pages, can be seen a refined taste, controlling, harmonizing, composing; reducing his varied materials to sing with the pages of one of still greater talen and art. The copyist too often arrests your at The voice of another is too often rec est merit—originality. And it is precisely in sentiment and imagery—that he is most a pla giarist and least original. And these are the chief charm of his writings. In them lies the spell which holds the world bound. But his talisman came to him at second hand, and is at best a thing of partnership, a compast and a manufacture, and we are swayed, not by the

than did the reading world hurry through the

passionate, wild, vivid pages of Vivian Grey.
"In point of novelty and freshness, we connect it with one incident in our experience. It calls to mind when, for the first time, in the same land of flowers, a flock of paroquets, like a cloud of gold and green, with their bright plumage glancing in the sun, darted, with chattering toise, by us. We stood in mute amaze, and, with child-like wonder, followed the brilliant-winged spectacle till it vanished from our sight. It came upon our vision—a revelation. It spoke of another clime; it told of another elty, but in similarity of character, may the genius of Disraeli be compared to the brilliant spectacle we have recalled, and to the gay land depth, so that from the top to the bottom, the the South and to the East. Their birds glitter not with a more gorgeous plumage, nor sing a houses that we have seen, the guest chamber is more witching song; their sky glows not with a furnished with a ladder upon which to climb to more vivid lustre; their gales are burdened with no richer odor; in all, and over all, there broods not a more dissaolving voluptuousness Luxuriance, prodigality, and waste; a wild mingling and confusion of delights; eccentric, there, life in its intensity, the very riot and rev elry of life-the earth glowing, teeming, rejoicing beneath the quickening glances of its burning sun. It is in this attribute of life, and the wer. It is in this incommunicable gift, which cannot be purchased by labor, which study may in vain attempt to win; before which men fold their arms, and are content to despair, and to only other furniture of the room was a deal of the sculptor, or the ardent creations of the table, upon which every evening was set a bowl painter—it is in this power and quality, which of fresh water for our morning ablutions, and a tumbler filled with the same for our mouth; may be mimicked and imitated, but cannot be reached, which comes to a privileged few, the

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Copyright secured according to law.] For the National Era. HERMAN : wonds to use a

VOUNG KNIGHTHOOD

Author of " Prémices." CHAPTER XII-Concluded.

"Ah." said he to himself, " is man forever to he the one blemish on the face of this beautiful creation? Is humanity forever destined to make the single discord in the dispason of the universe? My countrymen, are we to gorge this tresh and virgin continent with blood and the old? Is it not a strange and sad proof of the difference between Christendom and Chrismanity, that eighteen hundred years after the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews wrote, Let brotherly love continue,' it should be found necessary to proclaim among soi-disant civilized nations, Let brotherly love begin, and that the doctrine should be accounted new, fanatical, unpractical, and wild? What a different state of things the world would by this time have presented, if that pure love had continued from the first to spread over it, the spirit everywhere in only that one respect keeping pace with the same of the Saviour. The strong, instead of trampling upon the weak, would have hear seen lifting them up; the lofty have been heard saying to the lowly, 'Come up higher,' inmend of 'Crouch beneath my footstool;' the learned, instead of seeking to fix their increasing knowledge as a great gulf between themolves and their fellow-men, would have been often employed eagerly in making by means of milk-pump with four troors underneath, two its moother roads for the ignorant to ascend upon. The unlucky debter, instead of running away or blowing his brains out, would go with confilence to his wealthiest neighbor, and find no difficulty in obtaining aid, beyond an honest unwillingness to seek it. As often as a charitable most un-Agassiz-like det ription, "you must lad was done, the pleasure would have been on the doer's side; the pain, if there was any, on that of the asker. The person who had saved the most men would be held a greater hero than he who had killed the most. He would have een considered the greatest statesman who had hown the most skill in harmonizing the interests of other countries with those of his own. The poor savage would have been guarded, heme with, and taught, by his civilized neighbors, as kindly and patiently as an idiot by his per-cus, manly brothers. The beauty, instead brass field piece showing self furtively at the side, through the straw in 2e bottom. of a piece of ordnance, by the amount of misthief they could do, would deal with the happiwould have her beautiful-no longer rival- ing. he brilliant and accomplished gentleman, in les and drawing out the weaknesses of the artless

spect he paid them, teach them to respect and don't themselves. The ship owner would say to the home-sick emigrant, Will you sail? as readily as the Jehu says to the well-dressed nawould be the joy of every one. The poorer would work for themselves, readily and thoughtfully provided with employment, if necessary, by others; the richer, for their neighbors. The to the master. We should all be every day al-most as eager and happy to befriend each other as we now are, when some great calamity—a fire, ship wreck, or tornado—wakes up the aninstincts in us, which so soon grow torpid again in our heavy worldly air, and for an hour or a week changes earth-worms into men, and every stranger whom we met, the Good Samar

The strength of nations, no longer suicidally wasting itself in their reciprocal destruction would be combined for gigantic labors in breaking in for the service of man every practicable portion of our globe, and in bringing to light all its attainable hidden resources, for the pros-perity of each and all. A new bliss, above the s of Eden, would quicken and warm all nearts-the joy not only of receiving, but of do ing good. The custom of promoting the wel ande, social sympathy and a sort of generou competition, as ardent a passion as that of seek reating one another, and our God, as foes, has been tried long enough, not on the whole to the satisfaction of anybody, except of Satan, who set it. It was already old when the Gospel was yet we have stupidly persisted, one after another generation after generation, in continuing to try it ever since. When will the new fashion When shall we find all within and without us eagerly following the example of Christ in brotherly and filial love?"

Ah, not yet, young dreamer, not just yet e generation of young dreamers—and actors, like you might do something towards bring-trabout; but you have fallen, like your and Master before you, upon a generaon unt of vipers, altogether, by any means of men, just men-men as they used to be, n as they are—neither angels nor devils, but ongrels-crosses between the two-not Chriseer Jews nor Pagans!

innensibly forming themselves into a tune, the time of which was marked by a steady sound, um. It had not, he thought, the precision of S ate men were likely to be out. They had told him that the Border Ruffi ans had probably recrossed the border the night before. What could this mean? There was certainly the and came hooting and hurrying on, some riding, and some running and holding by the hay carts. Over the foremost, a deep crimson flag, with a white star in the centre, flapped and swung from the staff, which was lashed to the rightof ruffians, most evidently—of Border ans, most probably. Herman could not

"Durn yer, 'tain't nut 2!" responded one of his tuneful brethren. wow, if 'tain't Yan-kee Doodle. Gorry! V my splendiferous breeches!" continued he coking down from his height, as the cart in shich he stood came along by Herman, and placking sympathetically at his own nether gardents, which happened to be of buckskin. cheap whar you was raised, stranger.

Oh, Yankee Doodle's exact to town, All dressed in striped —use's! Says he, The city's built of thick I cannot see no house! Chotus.—I cannot & to houses.

Hosb! yah! be! ho! hate' "What was the price of azors when you left Bosting, Y. Doodle, Esk

"What'll yer take fore lanker's Hill Monu ment to make a dam for the Missoura? Give crime, as our fathers and brothers did and do yer a almighty dollar—sity cents more'n it's with, too—come!"

"How's yer pilgrim fa har?"

"Burn yer fool," cries another, extracting the nose of a bottle from his mouth, and in the set, as it were, uncorking his voice, "he ain't no Yankee! His cheek, es just like a tomatter."

"Dog-goned if he ain's See his rig. Trig "You be dog-goned, then! He sin't got no gab. What'll you bet?'

"Done! Blast yer, K" chum! Runnin over the moon, be yer? Hole on thar!"

The foremost cart, which had already gone jolting by, halted; and all did the rabble rout, by this time encompassit. Herman before, behind, and on one side. Or the other side of the cart-track there ran the Fiver. Herman still made his way on as well a he could through the crowd, entrenching he iself in silence. "Ho, mister!" cried c e of the disputants calling after him from as cart, pricking the wheel-horse with a bowie nife to make it start forward, and then pulling t up on its haunches beside our hero, "what der call the travelin

pokers in front, one hat le hangin down behind, for you to grab at when you wants to catch her, and a leather j ket on?"

"Why, I suppose," id Herman, facing about, and, in spite of his apatience to be rid

mean a cow. "Thar, he said keow is exclaimed one the betters, triumphantly. " Auld, he treats! Auld, he treats!" "Durn yer, I won't!" ' joined Auld. "He didn't commence to. He haid 'cow' as neat

as any on us." erly man, better dressed an the others, who appeared to be in authori.

Herman had pushed on a few paces. The humane feats of the charioteer were re-performed, and the war-chariot was again at his side. with what looked like the muzzle of a small

"Let's h'ar yer say it a sin, mister?" "Certainly," said Herran, good-humoredly ther they could do, would deal with the nappi-on condition that you'll is, me hear you say something afterwards; and that is, Good even-

tone, so that all could par him, the word "cow," and marched on before. "Vote by show of hands, gentlemen," said a voice behind him, which he took to be that of the elderly man who had previously interposed, Does Auld treat, or Harrass? Those who deem the stranger to have said keene will evi-

doggedly, "I don't care a dog-goned durn for that. He's larned ter say it since he come h'ar. You git him to hooray for Buck an Breck, an

The road here turned aside from the river into the prairies, and Herman determined to

make his escape.
"There's a good old saying," he replied, that one must not hurra till after election This is my way. Good night."

He turned aside over the grass, which, though breast-high along the creek, was not more than ancle-deep on the rising ground opposite. No he distinguished stage whispers and muttering aside of, "He is a Yankee!" "a Abolition-

ist!" "Free-State spy!" But, as he reached the top of a line of sunset-gilded knolls, which in another minute would have hidden his form from the beholders, he heard a sharp crack and whistle, and felt a hard blow on his side, and warm gush over his hip. Before he had time to think what it could mean, he also felt the world roll over with him into the night, and ceased to

CHAPTER XIII. The Sisters of Charity. "O, worman! in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, And variable as the shade By the light quivering aspen made; When pain and anguish wring the l A ministering angel thou! "—Marm

When Herman came to himself, it was still very dark; and through the darkness he felt that he was carried along steadily without any effort of his own. His first vague idea was, that ministers of eternal justice were bearing him on to receive his final doom. This notion was speedily put to flight, as his senses returned to their duty, by the sound of the footsteps of his bearers, and their quick, hard breathing. A sensation of sickness and pain from their motion, presently added its testimony, to feelingly persuade him that he was still in the body. But was he in the hands of friends or foes?—s not uninteresting question for a man, who, within no very long time, probably, had become weaker than a child. He fixed his swimming eyes, as well as he could, on the darkness before him, and made out, as well as he could, the darker returned, and he could only shut them again and lose all other care in the one longing to have his possessors, whoever they were, only In a few minutes more, lifting his heavy eye-lids a second time, he saw himself going feet foremost into a lighted place, which looked laid him down wearily on an old-fashioned wooden settle. As they stepped back from him, and raised their heads, the flickering firelight showed them to be women, tall, and dressed in coarse black gowns, with hogo whitecape bonnets, and black rosaries and crosses hanging at their waists. The first one was was 1 it was! She did not recognise him, for his face lay in shadow; but he saw her. She was turning away, but one glimpe was enough. As the other Sister of Charity began to feel his pulse, and say, "Ah! he's coming to! Don't be alarmed, sir, you're among friends," he could hear, through the open door, her own voice, so clear and liquid still, but so subdued, saying earnestly, in the next room, "Have you any hartshorn, madam? brandy? spirit of any kind? 'Rum?" Oh, yes, that will do, thank you.

tossed her arms wildly above her head, with all the shriek she did not utter, frozen in her face. He would have fallen at her feet in the track which his afresh flowing bloed had made, had not Sister Mary Peter, with the quick instinct of her profession, whirled round like a windmill, caught him, and replaced him on the settle. Constance followed mechanically:

drooping hand. He put hers to his lips. Sister
Mary guessed something, sympathized, and
covered the little scene from her hostess, (whose
attention was luckily distracted for the moment

this way, ma'am. The best bed's all ready pre-pared. I'll git you my ironing-sheet to lift him on; and I guess I'd better help you a thing of a heft for you to fetch so fur. Pootty last as if my young man, ain't he? Hope he'll git over it; oning Siste but he does look dreadful bad, don't he? I whispered: never! His eyes is open now. Hope he didn't hear what I said. La! he'll git sver it fast

enough, I'll bet."
Sister Mary locked the door, pocketed the key, and, aided and abetted by her chattering hostess, very gently and quickly exchanged Herman's clothes, moistened and stiffened with dew and blood, for a coarse, but clean, home-Herman's clothes, moistened and stiffened with dew and blood, for a coarse, but clean, homespun shirt. She then, no other surgeon being forthcoming, examined his wound, stanched it, and bound it up as well as she could, which was not very badly; for she had formerly been employed for several months as dresser in a military hospital in Europe. The ball she found in Herman's stocking. It had extracted itself; and, though it had previously danced a good deal in his system, as a ball sometimes will, she thought that it had spared his bones and vitals altogether, and that the great loss of blood would, if he was strong enough to bear it, be of service in preventing inflammation, "probe of service in preventing inflammation, "provided he kept perfectly quiet in body and mind;
and he might be sure that Sister Agnes Alexis
and she would take the best care they could of
him, and do their part, if he would do his."
Having delivered herself thus scientifically and
disconnectically and leads to be the best care. The scientific of the s diplomatically, she took the key from her pocket,

bandages without and his hard struggles with in, while he lay, longing to collect all his re-maining life, into one effort and year remaining to compromise, he knew not how grievously, "Sister Agnes Alexis." As Sister Mary Peter expected, she no sooner came into the passage, with her little lamp in her hand, than she came upon her young

him to be disturbed, and informed him that if

dark on the boards, with her hands clasped, up, and caught Sister Mary's arm.

"He is doing very well, my dear, at present, at least," said the latter, replying to her speechless gesture; "and now come out with me. I

him and be with him now; and if you try to answer for the consequences.

"Whose fault was that?" spirit to submit to it, and so we parted. I thought that I had made him cease to love me; but I see now that I have not; and I know that it could have been only despair which drove him, as it did me, to this fatal, fatal place. Now, do I not owe him some amends?-his life, if my care can restore him ?-- a happy death, if-oh, Heaven, have pity on us! -he must die? way with you, wherever you will, to any one tempt me to break a solemn oath, whatever you may think of me. Stay and be merciful, as you would have St. Peter show you mercy in your need! I shall control myself perfectly before the people of the house, and him, and every-body else; and so will he, when you tell him

how much depends upon it!"

Constance hurried through these sentences, almost in the time of any single one, which also bring about the very exposure of the was she pride's subject by right of conque

mand herself, in this, or any emergency, pro-vided she saw it to be worth her while. Just as Sister Mary Peter showed signs of

wavering, and Sister Agnes Alexis redoubled the lock, and the door opened. Herman, with the cunning of utter helpleseness, had shut his silence, and saddenly recollecting that certain rolls must be turning to bricks in the oven, stepped forth to seek a substitute. Constance, seizing her advantage, flashed in like lightning, but laid her finger on her own, while her col-league took the word :

out of a pail, which stood on the hearth. Constance recrossed the threshold, and the pale and gory ghost of her lost love rose from his rude couch, and staggered before her. She tossed her arms wildly above her head, with

the settle. Constance followed mechanically; do for them all that she could, consistent and through the sickness and faintness which returned upon him, he could hear her mutter, as if beside herself, "Oh, my God! I have killed him, and his wounds bleed afresh at the presence of his murderess!" He struggled to tion of her presence; but it must be upon her rise again; but Sister Mary forbade it, with both word and deed. "Constance!" "Oh, Herman!" She came before him, and took his they must and ought to submit. A young sis-

by the operation of cutting with a kuife from her hands the dough which covered them, by the dexterous interposition of her person; but she could not possibly let this sort of proceeding go on. It was quite contrary to rule. "Go out, and see whether the young man has gone of the doctor. Sister Agree Alaxia," said she for the doctor, Sister Agnes Alexis," said she, authoritatively, taking Constance by the arm, "and don't come back here till you're quite composed. The patient must be kept perfect ly quiet. I'm going to undress him;" and she ly quiet. I'm going to undress him;" and she put Constance out. "It takes these young things some time to get used to the sight of blood; and he was a pretty heavy weight for her to carry. Mrs. Debbs, if you had a chamber where we could put him to bed before the dector comes."

unfortunate possible perhaps forever, sat and lay in each other's presence, under the Argus eyes of their keeper, with parted hands, and sealed lips, and bursting hearts—bursting with a struggling chaos of love, wonder, hope, and dread. How much had each to ask and to tell! Must they part again, and leave it all unsaid. How soon? When should they meet again pared. I'll git you my ironing-sheet to lift him on; and I guess I'd better help you a spell, if Miss Alexis is flustered. 'Twas something of a helf for you to fetch or form. last as if must have an answer, or die. Beck oning Sister Mary to him at midnight, he

"Oh, no, my son!"
"For how long?"

"A year."
He cast towards Constance an impressible glance of relief and delight, closed his eyes, fell asleep, and awoke the next morning with a

For the National Era.

JASPER: A ROMANCE.

How Jasper Carved the Anchor. Mrs. Fleming, in her room, after she had left tears, hot, scalding tears, if we may judge from the impetuous way in which she dashed her woman that swayed her body to and fro in the desperate unrest of bitter anguish. A woman who, in direct antagonism to the poet's assertion, was unhappy because her "will was strong." What debate went on in her mind, and to what result came the passion of argu-"And I must tell you, Sister, I don't forget my vow; and if the blessed Virgin and you will help me, I won't break it; but I must see unseen observer of her face. Unseen it was needful for him to be, else that face would have know-no, I shall not go away-he might die-we will whisper-your ear. Mr. Arden, this gentleman, was my lover; but we quarrelled, ferings. The gift of endurance with propriets. for their power of perfect concealment is in diferings. The gift of endurance with propriety, balances in them the curse of most acute agony. "Mine. He was as upright and warm and true a lover as woman ever had, only too good for me. I wished to govern him in matters I knew nothing about; and he had too much struggle going on at her heart. It was very evident that she knew Gilbert Congreve, and felt what gifts of beauty, of love, and of preeminent attractiveness, it was to be expected his daughter would be endowed with. Know ing likewise, by intuition, as well as through the experience just so bitterly acquired, with what intense devotion her son must love one so worthy in, and let me go in with you, and tend him of him, she had a most painful conviction of till he is out of danger, or out of this weary how completely his happiness was here involved, world; and then I will allow you to take me of how entirely his future well-being depended upon her yielding to his wish, his will, in this matter. Loving him as she did, how could she oppose him? All these thoughts peopled her face with their expression, and vividly hinted face with their expression, and vividly hinted how forcibly they weighed upon her mind. But behind these thoughts, and momently shadowed by them, yet ever supreme over them all, was cide-et what should particularly attract her another element, her pride. That pride so in. notic pronounce the result of her actions in grained with her character—the color regius of the whole fabric—the transmuting principle of the whole fabric—the transmuting principle of and rational visions; that circumstance of the tears of grief, terror, and entreaty, flowing as fast as her words, had meanwhile become a her whole life, affecting all it came in contact seal ust have impressed her more than she perfect rain, and were rapidly thawing the not very hard or cold heart of the experienced elder, who liked a bit of romance when she could honestly come by it, and who, besides, began to consider, that while getting her out of the perfect rain, and were rapidly thawing the not with—the crucible, in whose stern, uncompromising fire-bath all that dared to tempt her scrutiny was purged of its dross, and purified up to her high-carat standard—this was it that now asserted its claims to be considered, its Herman's way by finesse was under the circum-stances impossible, any attempt to do so by the exercise of authority would probably fail, and

also bring about the very exposure of the novice's feelings, which it was desirable to avoid. Constance's hitherto resolutely unflinching implicit obedience, moreover, had led the sagacious old lady to apprehend that her mutiny, if she were ever driven to it, might be by more than twenty years of the pampered contents of this wounded pride the hete of the pampered of this wounded pride the hete of the pampered of this wounded pride the hete of extremely formidable; but it also encouraged nourishment of this wounded pride, the hate of her to believe that Constance could still com-

was answered aloud, between set teeth:
"God! I'd rather he should bring me home for my daughter the merest weach, from a servant's hall or some vile garret-whom one ing-than the daughter of this man, whose eyes and feigned sleep. Mrs. Dobbs, tired of pride equals mine, but never shall conquer mine

and wicked, because supreme pride, trampling over everything that stood in the way, with un relenting, unpitying will, making clear the path way to its goal over whatever obstacles, settle down now in hard, unmistakable lines upon her face. It was done. The law had passed, and the tribunal to which was intrusted its enforce-

In spite of her firm and defiant dispositi

back an answer."

He left the room without another word. He left the room without another word.

His earnest tones and warning manner seemed to impress Mrs. Fleming very much, a look of heaitancy and doubt came over her face, and it is possible that, had the gardener come back at that instant, she might have recalled the note. But this passed immediately away,

It was a little allegory of a poem, by Tennyson, "The Pulace of Art," dealing in his subtile fashion with spiritualities, slightly mystical, perhaps, and morbid—but she read it in her strange mood, not with any distinct understand favorite, in fact, not so much for the fine suba favorite, in fact, not so much for the fine subtleties of the poems, as for the wondrous music of their rhythm, and the sensuous glow of their pictures—pictures in which a half drawn feature tells a whole stery, a little, wee, withering, fluttering leaf recites a whole Idyl. But it was not this surpassing quality of the poet that so much attracted Mrs. Fleming. She had taken up the book to employ her vexed thoughts, she read on in obedience to one of those singular.

And she replied:

"I thank you, my son; let us not refer to the topic again."

Nor did they.

In two days and a half, Richard returned, having accomplished his mission. He handed Mrs. Fleming a note, which she crumpled in her hand, unread, and Richard fancied she trembled as she thanked him, before going to her own room. But old men have queer no-

up the book to employ her vexed thoughts, and read on in obedience to one of those singular phantasies which now and then come over us, phantasies which now and then come over us, assign reasons—not that they are the less ob assign reasons—not from things having no rational relationship tiveness, such—logically—absurd things as the Sortes Biblica, the Sortes Virgilianae, the Hebrer Bath kol, and other various manifestations of human credence in the oracular effi-ciency of Sortilegy. This blind, irrational methwas as evanescent as the sure! Why susteined in doubt and danger, and, as such, is something rather to be lauded than reprobated It is this very feeling that makes the Christian, "when sorrows come and troubles roll, to kneel in humble fashion, and murmur "Our Father which art in Heaven!" The truth, simply a touching confession of our own nowe of altar and oracle, of sacrifice and first against that decorous breast that never heaved in company—but the admiring observer pas shoul have been seized with that irresistible curioty to look into the future, and to see what ould be the revulsion of this present step upon erself, we know not, but, once possessed upon erself, we know not, but, once possessed with le desire, there was no other way of gratifyings than just this. If she were to be directestruthfully to a symbol of the result, then was ware. At any rate, she decided that here was er Delphi, this Poem the Priestess of the tod, and in these valicinations she was to fit the ultimate decree anticipated of the Fate First the following verse appealed to

her inner consciousness: nek on herself her serpent pride had curled. Atagain her heart echoed its relations how a knew not, with a second verse :

and death and life she hated equally, and nothing saw, for her despair, it dreadful time, dreadful eternity, to comfort any where." Shossed the book upon the table, with a sneer But then she thought she would read the lend out, and find what more fell upon her let. She took the volume again into her hand leaf had turned, and, of the poem, one only ree remained:

"t pull not down my palace towers, that are lightly, beautifully built: Phance I may return with others there, hen I have parg'd my guilt."

which she had first to hunt for in a case of jewelry, a seal, having graven upon it in intaglio
a sespent coiled in an attitude of defiance, a
crested, fiery eyed serpent—with, for motto,
"Nemo impune me lacessit." She intended it
to be significant. But, as she looked at the
seal, she noticed, for the first time, its handle,
which was also in guise of a serpent, and, it
seemed to her, in guise of a serpent, and, it
seemed to her, in guise of a serpent wounding
himself with his own poisonous fangs, and twisting in the uncouth convolutions of a wild agony.
The mood she was in made it strike her.

"Is it not an augury, a token for me?" she
nummured. "Oh fie upon me for a coward!"
Y'at she dropped more of the hot wax upon the
eustamped serpent, with his windictive legend,
and resealed the letter with her own appropriate seal, the simple letters,

letter. The style was unlike his mother. It concealed something, he thought. Then he condemned himself for harboring such an idea during a second, looking upon it as a fiction of his distempered fancy; or, perhaps his mother

In spite of her firm and defiant disposition, the omen had impressed and awed her.

She descended the stair, entered the library, and touched a bell-cord. To the servant who answered her ring she said:

"Tell Richard I wish to see him."

Richard, the gardener, an elderly, square chinned Scotchman, made his appearance speedily.

"Richard, I wish you to take this note to Mr. Gilbert Congreve; place it in his hands, and bring me back a written answer. Go immediately. Here is money for your expenses."

The gardener started as if he had been shot, when he heard her mention the name of Gilbert Congreve, eyed her intently for a minute, and their graw deadly pale. Mrs. Fleming remarked Congreve, eyed her intently for a minute, and times seizes us when our liver is torpid or our then graw deadly pale. Mrs. Fleming remarked digestion disturbed—when viewed from Jas this, and passionately exclaimed:

"Aye, you also are an accomplice. All are in the plot, and I knew nothing of it. But it shall fail. I will crush it, if I crush myself in doing it. Will you deliver me this note, or shall I be compelled to find another messenger, doing it. Will crosh it, if I crush myself in doing it. Will you deliver me this note, or shall I be compelled to find another messenger, Richard?"

"Oh, madam," said Richard, piteously, "this is terrible. I had hoped so much from this—so much good to every one—so much happiness. Have you weighed the matter carefully, madam? Considered all that will come from what you are about to do? I know what that is, by your face—do you know all, Mrs. Fleming?"

"I do know all, and I have definitely and conclusively determined."

"Odd the stalking horse."

"Add the stalking horse." "God help them, then, and you, too, madam," said Richard, in solemn sadness, "for you will all need it. I will give him the note, and bring all need it. I will give him the note, and bring the narrow little likes and dislikes. Thank God! in such matters, woman's art is equal to wo-man's selfish littleness, and that she is thus able to conceal it from us. Thank God, also, that

reakfast-table, no one could have detected any symptoms of the struggle they had gone through each preserving a conventional calmness and courtesy admirable to behold. Admirable! No—this is miserable world's talk! Pitiful to witness, rather, pitiful in the extreme, that pas-sion so intense should be capable of assuming such impenetrable mask of deceptive calmness to the matter.

And she replied :

that account, however. In her own room, hav ing first let the curtain fall over the windowthe glare of light was unnecessarily great, she thought-Mrs. Fleming read the note. It was a few brief lines, in a fair, bold hand :

" What you apprehend, need give you no fur complied with. GILBERT CONGREVE."

Yet it seemed enough to illumine her face with a smile of triumph—a smile, however, that tured his love of the graceful upon the contem-plation thereof—smote twice, and thrice, and away, in a cadence of low ullulations, over those lips so capable of scorn, that moan, that horrible nightmare moan? Why was it, oh! womanheart, strangest of mysteries that man has to deal with, and, in his bungling way, make sense place in her escritoire, under lock and key those quivering, moaning lips pressed passion ate kisses upon the inane paper?

Thy eyes are very keen, old gardener, though

flower, with the cross over its perfumed breast There is the sad wisdom of experience in obwith stooping, and his fingers horny with labor. Life to thee is a book, which, if thou caust not in some of its pages, that thou hast them by heart, and can give chapter and verse of with sad facility. Ah, my reader, the pain of age abides not in its lumbago, its weak eyes, its toothlessness, its drivel, but in its memories, its want of power to forget, its inevitable recognition of cause and sequence, based upon fore-gone parallelisms. Let Cato prate, but the time to die is just when we have accomplished ere we need to look back. Let us pray, all of us, that we may be Marshal Saxes, Admiral Nelsons, and die during our Trafalgars, after A day or two after this, Jasper learned from

his mother that she no longer expected her lawyer; he had written her a note, to say that ilightly, beautifully built:
Phance I may return with others there,
hen I have pure d my guilt."

Still not understand the augury, yet took
it to reelf, and in after days, when the measure things was completed, and the ripeness
ure things was completed, and the ripeness

or had he a previous engagement? He replied,
that he wished to make a visit of a day or two,
a visit blick it wished to make a visit of a day or two, of etts became perfect, she remembered.

Wh Jasper entered his room that night, to lihis aching head where dreams might for thour rest him, he found upon his dress.

In the wished to make a visit of a day or two, a visit which it was necessary for him to make a visit of a day or two, and there times a visit which it was necessary for him to make a visit of a day or two, and there times a visit which it was necessary for him to make a visit of a day or two, and there times a visit which it was necessary for him to make a visit of a visit which it was necessary for him to make a visit of a visit which it was necessary for him to make a visit of a visit which it was necessary for him to make a visit of a visit which it was ing le a note from his mother. It was an Of course, she responded, her son would atten artimote, this, conceived and written in a to his own urgent affairs before anything else

helpes to render existence tolerable, and very wisely; but the art of sorrowfully remembering is of ar higher profit to our humanity, and there are, in the final analysis, productive of great r comfort to poor imperfect humanity. To fedget is to continue hardened, remorsefully to look back is to repent and to be comforted. They two, at any rate, wirdly remembered, with a remembrance not refruitful. with remembrance not unfruitful.

Japer bade his mother good bye that

evening, having to start at an early hour the following morning. He kissed her on the lips, and pressed her hand. In that pressure and that xiss, each felt the other's rigor softening, like be in the breath of a south wind, and, with bittle touch of mutual emotion, kiss and pressire were repeated. This too they both had much occasion to remember. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

METAMORPHOSES OF MATTER.

The study of matter is the special business of physical intelligences. As for ourselves, we are nade of it, we eat it, drink it, inhale it, and upon our acquaintance with it rests our mental. and moral status—our highest pleasure and great set good. Yet, what apathy is manifested toward it. Amid the business and bustle of life it is forgotten, or viewed with indifference. Except in articles of merchandise, scarcely one individual in ten thousand pauses to give it a thought. It is, as a general thing, understood to possess useful properties, and capable of con-venient applications, beyond which nothing es-pecially noticeable is perceived or suspected

Box with those that pry into this commo thing, the conviction grows that the most gifted stews and sauces of a different kind .... "Peas intellects can never fathom a tithe of the mysteries hidden in it, or trace to their source the imprest of its manifestations. For instance, now incomprehensible its metamorphoses. All substance made out of the same materials! One class of bodies shapeless, insensible, and inert; another, captivating in form, colors, and odors; in others, the material is pervaded with appe-tites and then, instead of silently lying and

growing in one spot, it leaps, runs, screams, climbs, and fights, to gratify them.

There is nothing too wonderful to believe respecting its changes of forms and qualities. The wildest imaginations are left immeasurably behind. Passing by its diverse aspects in our bodie; solid in bones, liquid in blood, hair on the hind, ivory in the teeth, horn in the nails, &c., in what a multiplicity of substances it wis &c., in what a multiplicity of substances it min-isters to us daily! We rise in the morning, and behold it as stone or brick in the walls, wood on the floor, plaster on the ceiling, glass in the windows, marble in the mantles, iron in the grate, air in the room, and gas in the pipes. We are cold, and as fuel it warms us; the shuttoilet, it serves us in mirrors, razors, scissors, pins, combs, and brushes, as gems and jewelry, and cualities with the services required of it. and the flesh of quadrupeds; breads, condi-ments, and in a thousand made dishes. In the table it is mahogany, maple in chairs, porce-the aroma of coffee from another; while the waiters, black or white, are made of the self-same ele-

ments as the dishes they serve up. Pride may boast of gentle and of royal blood, were formed of the same ingredients as Gurth, and as the grunters he tended and the mast they fattened on.—Ewbank.

In some places, a kind of a higher class is formed by those who do not allow the women to work in the fields and on the roads; it was n such a family that we spent a little time during the apple-gathering and cider-making period, in the autumn. They kept the village inn, but on a road that did not bring them a throng of customers from foreign parts.

The father was, in appearance and manners like the better class of farmers in New England, and the wife and daughters also very similar to those we should find in the same position at home. And, alas, we must say the comparison goes farther. In both cases, when they arrive at a kind of independence, it is the man alone who arrives at ease. Being no longer obliged to work in the field, he only exercises a kind of supervision over his affairs working a little every day if he chooses, and the remainder of the time smoking and chat-

ting with his customers.
As usual in German inns, there is no place where a woman can sit down and be decent or comfortable, except in her room, and here we took all our meals. The rooms for guests were furnished with the usual quota of long cooden benches, placed against the walls, and the long wooden tables in front, and never made more cheerful by cloth or napkin. There might be seen at every hour of the day also the usual quota of wine-bibbers and beer drinkers, munching black bread, and smoking and gos-siping, as if these were the great objects of life. We asked for a room with one bed, but were obliged to take one with two, and, when we came to pay our bill, found we were obliged to pay for two also, though only one was occupied It was made up with special care for our comfort, and consisted first of a thick straw bed, as foundation; upon this, at the head, a large solid straw pillow, made upon the principle of an inclined plane. Then came another hard bed, but a little softer than the straw. Now the snowy linen sheets, and two feather pillows, upon which it would be impossible to sleep except in an upright position. Upon these were spectacle we have recalled, and to the glaced two feather beds, each half a yard in which we witnessed it. His spirit be whole measured two yards. In many peasant the top of the bed, and we should certainly have needed one here, if we had thought of finding repose upon such a mountain; but instead of this, we spent half an hour removing the several layers, until the proper height was reached for our convenience. We did not have to make our bed, but it was considerable labor to re-make it; but we could not think of asking any change in the arrangements, as this would where made up as high and round as possible, in order to look well in their eyes. How it is possible for people to preserve health, sweated and sweltered every night by such a process,

isop of rofflians, most probably. Herman could not get out of their way without running—nor with a sister Ages Alexis has stoll easy on the rown of the probably. Herman could not get out of their way without running—nor with a sister Ages Alexis has stoll easy on the rown we found by the way. Their didle in a jig. They them have been as well as steered to be personal and the tribunal to which was instrusted its enforcement way. Their didle in a jig. They them have tween the war of the rown of the form of the form of the rown of the form of the form of the rown of the form of the rown of the form of the form of the rown of the form of the form of the rown of the form of knowing it could not be purchased so far in the country, and had, every morning, sweet milk, and the usual good bread, with two eggs, for our breakfast. For dinner, boiled beef and black bread, after a soup which was only the had black bread, after a soup which was only the black bread, after a soup which was only the black bread, after a soup which was only the black bread, after a soup which was only the black bread, after a soup which was only the black bread, after a soup which was only the black bread and black bread.

G. BAILEY, Washington, D. C. "Talking at present will not be good for you, sir; and I have consented, understanding from her that you are an honorable man, who will make no effort to turn her mind from her duty, when her vows call her away to the service of others who need her more. That will hardly be, of course, till you are better, provided you are patient and docile, so that it is in our power to do you good."

Herman bowed his pillowed head, looking wery grateful. They understood one another.

"Talking at present will not be good for your, sir; and I have consented, understanding she theught it possible she might come to view matters in a different light, or some unforcesent of this tire matters in a different light, or some unforcesent on the days that came after—the one with a fearful regret that so much duplicity on the service of them remembered this talk, with a vivid rememberace, in the days that came after—the one with a fearful regret that so much duplicity due to the words spoken; and perfect happiness to all, which she fear to do you good."

Why does he dare resist me? He has much to learn, much to suffer, much to conquer, and when we have looked out very membered this talk, with a vivid remembered this talk, with a vivid rememberace, in the days that came after—the one with a fearful regret that so much duplicity due the trouble." There was half a sigh trembled under the one with a fearful regret that so much deplicity of the same were the wife washing floors and matters in a different light, or some unforcesent one with a fearful regret that so much deplicity one with a fearful regret that so much deplicity one with a fearful regret that so much deplicity one with a fearful regret that so much deplicity of the same were in which when we have looked out very member division. The same after—the one with a fearful regret that so much to suffer such to complete the provided you in the days that came after—the one with a fearful regret that so much to suffer such to complete the provided you member and the complete the went man

It was, as we said, the busy time of the year

The cider-prees stands in the great barr

" If we mistake not, the voice of fashion and

form in which it greets our vision, or the dra pery with which he has disguised it, but by the intrinsic virtue, whose creation and vitality was

the work of another. "Disraeli wields a talisman all his own. He neither bought it, borrowed it, nor stole it. came to him the free gift of Nature-as much his own as the song of the nightingale, as dis tinct from any other as the notes of the night ingale from those of the lark. You are the subject of a new spell, and stand entranced by a song you never heard before; its like, even, you have never listened to, and it recalls no other voice. He has opened to the world an intellectual region, as virgin as that which greets the children of the North, when from out the waves rose upon their delighted senses the flowery and odorous shores of Florida; its sweeps of decorated prairie and gorgeous savannas of oriental growth; its resplendent skies of quivering snowy lustre; its balmy gales, dissolving the spirit in luxury, and we oing it to soft repose. So surprised and de-lighted was the world when Vivian Grey made its appearance; and the ocean tossed stranger did not roam the sunny fields of the new found land with a more eager and startled curiosity,